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The Editor's Corner

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER

One of the notable old family names of Georgia and Florida is that of Hallowes. The founder of the Florida branch of this family was Miller Hallowes, an ancestor of Miss Elise Dancy Davis of Tallahasee. On a visit to England in 1960, Miss Davis was able to consult the researches of Dr. Lorton A. Wilson of Derby who had devoted the years of his retirement to tracing his origins and those of his wife, who was a Hallowes descendant. Through the kind offices of Miss Moira Wilson, the late Dr. Wilson's daughter, and the Irish Genealogical Society, with whom the researches are deposited, she was able to copy many of the pertinent records. From these notes, Miss Davis has made available to the *Quarterly* a biographical sketch of Miller Hallowes.

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NOTES ON MILLER HALLOWES

by ELISE DANCY DAVIS

The following sketch is copied verbatim from the notes of the late Dr. Lorton A. Wilson. Any errors which may have crept in may be laid to the author's own difficulty in deciphering or interpreting Dr. Wilson's notes.

Miller Hallowes

B. at Ashford, Kent, 19 Feb. 1799. Bapt. there 12 April, educ. at Christ's Hospital.

About 1817 received a commission in the Irish Legion through his cousin, the Earl of Meath, and sailed to South America to aid Bolivar in his struggle for independence from Spain. As Captain in the Vencedor Battalion he took part in the battle of Boyaca: This battalion was composed almost entirely of mountaineers from Venezuela and New Granada, and was that of last resort, depended on for decisive charges and rapid manoevre. Later at Carabobo he served as Field Officer for a corps in the Army. At various times he was attached to the 2nd Hussars, Grenadiers of the Guard, the Vencedor and Rifles Bat-

talions. He fought through the campaigns of the South and of Peru, and was with the Rifles at Matara, where he was hero of the rearguard stand, which allowed the patriot army to escape a decisive defeat and to prepare for the victory of Ayacucho, as Capt. of Rifles, a few days later in 1824. He was present at the first seige of Callao, and took part in the expedition to the intermediate ports under Sucre. In 1829 he took part in the campaign of Pasto and Popayan, and the attack against Guyacuil until its surrender. Successively Captain, Colonel, and General he received the Star of the Order of Liberators, both of Venezuela and Quito, the chevrons of Carabobo and Junin and the medal of Ayacucho.

Of him General Tomas C. Mosquera, later President of Colombia, said: "This General is active, careful, and brave. Every place the defense of which he is in charge is in the best of order and never requires any attention from me."

According to family tradition he was at one time attached to Bolivar's staff.

After the death of Bolivar he resigned and went to Florida, to look after his mother's share of her father's property in New Switzerland, and lived at St. Mary's in Camden County, Georgia. As a token of their esteem two paintings were sent to him by his fellow officers, one of Bolivar by Antonio Salas, the other of General Verega, a friend who had also served with Bolivar. The Government of Colombia gave him the full pay of a Colonel until the time of the Civil War in the States, then a pension till his death.

He was wounded and lost a number of negroes when his uncle's house was burned by the Indians in 1836. Later he bought, 1840, New Canaan, renamed Bolingbroke, in South Georgia, and after the Civil War he moved to Claremont in Florida, also his mother's land, which is still owned by the Hallowes family. There he grew arrowroot, cotton, corn, potatoes, and sugar cane.

He died at Claremont 21 Sept. 1877, and was buried at Hibernia on the St. John's River in Florida. After his death the family moved to Jacksonville.

He married at New Switzerland, Feb. 1834 Caroline Stites, daughter of Col. A. Y. Nicol of Washington by Caroline Agnes, daughter of Col. Drury Ledbetter of Virginia. She was born at

New Brunswick, New Jersey, 9 June 1813, died at Jacksonville 1 Feb. 1900. Buried there in Evergreen Cemetery.

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In this number we conclude the reminiscences of Florida which were begun in our January, 1962, number by the late Jane D. Brush of Michigan, widow of Alanson P. Brush, a pioneer of the automobile industry. We express our appreciation to Miss Alice Marsh of Birmingham, Michigan, for having made this document available to us.

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TALES OF OLD FLORIDA

by JANE D. BRUSH

CHAPTER VI

THE CRUISE OF THE VIVIAN

When we returned to Detroit after our unconventional cruise on the Ida May, we were looking forward to a "next time." We had already decided where we were to go, but we didn't know when it could be. When, during a subsequent winter, my husband found himself free from business commitments so that he could spend a whole month, it seemed too good to be true. There were a number of changed circumstances which would affect our plans. My sister Esther was back at her job of teaching history, but Ida Helveston could take her place and Jane and Al Brush, Ida and Furm Helveston were a "natural" for any job of exploring and fun. We were to have part of February and half of March for this trip and we wanted to spend at least three weeks of it on the water.

When the Ida May, in 1906, had reached the end of Pine Island Sound, we had been obliged to decide between going up the Caloosahatchee River and trying to get into Lake Okeechobee, or going down the coast to explore the Ten Thousand Islands. Fortunately we chose the Okeechobee trip at almost the only time when it could be easily and safely done. Our next trip, we decided, must be to the famous islands. For this we would need

a boat somewhat larger than the Ida May. The wind-up of our first cruise, when Esther and I had found it necessary to come home by train, had taught us that. We agreed on certain points. We wanted a sail-boat, preferably with an auxiliary motor, and she absolutely *must* have a cabin large enough to sleep four people. There were other things which we wanted and hoped for, but these first things were musts. The biggest must of all was "she *must* be a good sea-boat," with good sailing qualities.

As soon as we reached Florida the first thing for Furman and Al to do was to locate such a boat. Tampa was the best place to look, so they left us at Sarasota to go there, but in a very short time they returned with an interesting report. Over on the Manatee river, near Braidentown, they had seen a boat which was exactly what they wanted and the owner was willing to lease her. They were enthusiastic, with such comments as, "Her lines were perfect-she ought to sail like a witch!" Then why hadn't they sailed her down? Only one or two little things interfered. She had been out of the water - *for a year!* Besides, the owner, though willing to rent her could not, or would not, do anything to get her ready for sailing. If they took her, they must take full responsibility.

"A year out of water!" That meant something - but not much - to me, but Ida shook her head.

"If I know anything about boats," she said, ''that will mean some mighty hard work for a couple of men." The two men grinned and allowed she was right but they were sure they could do the work themselves and were eager to get at it. So we wished them good luck, and they went back to Braidentown to start their work. From here on, I have to report, first, what I heard and, later, what I saw. Just how they managed this work, I don't know, but I heard that after the first day's work they got her into the water-and she floated! In the morning, however, they found her on the bottom. Then bail her out, get some supports under her, and begin again! When they found that she would stay afloat with two bailings a day, one in the morning and one at night, they sailed her down to the Helveston dock. There they could continue their work and be at home nights, and we could watch the progress of the work. Ida and I did watch eagerly, almost as eagerly as the men worked. With them it was literally a labor of love, Ida and I agreed that if either of us had a rival,

her name must be Vivian, for that was the name of this boat.

If Ida and I were a little less interested in the lines of this boat and a little more in her cabin arrangements, that was because we were women. We were particularly happy that there was full headroom, at least for us. Furman had to stoop a little but he didn't seem to mind. She really was a beautiful boat, and we were all eager to get started on this cruise. While the men worked on the boat Ida and I got ready for our life aboard; at least Ida did. She got bedding ready and packed boxes of supplies. There was little I could do, so I watched the men at their work. I came to have great respect for oakum and tar. I was inclined to deplore the fact that they had taken a boat which had no motor. I remembered how much we had depended on the motor in the Ida May, but Al pointed out to me how entirely different the circumstances were: no winding river, nor any weed-clogged lake to cross, just straight sailing down the coast, with good harbors so close together that there wasn't one chance in a million that we would need a motor. "Besides," he added as a clincher, "just think how much more room you and Ida have for your cooking arrangements." Just to keep the record straight, I can't remember ever, on this trip, wishing we had a motor.

We were anxious to get started, for though Al was now his own ''Boss," and could take a day or two extra if he wanted to, yet he was determined to stick to the schedule he had laid out for himself, and three weeks was the time he had allotted to this trip down the coast. When Furman and Al found that just a little bailing would keep the cabin floor dry, they decided it was time to start; so we set out.

"When we reach Marco," they said, "We'll tie up at 'Collier's'." The others, even Ida who had never been there, seemed to know all about "Collier's," but I had to be told that this was a settlement known down inside Big Marco Pass. Isolated as this place was, it was quite important in that part of the country. From Miami to Tampa, and from Key West to all the neighboring islands, every one knew Captain Collier, and was glad to do business with him. At Marco he had quite an important boat works, with a ship's "ways," a general store, quite a group of cottages for his helpers, and also a good little hotel. Moreover, this was just at the beginning of the Ten Thousand Islands. So we were bound for Marco - for "Collier's!"

We were having perfect weather. The day breeze off the water, the night breeze off the land, were alternating with clock-like precision. "Regular trade wind weather", said Furman. Al, always my interpreter in such matters, explained.

"Not true trade winds, of course, but sailors around these parts call them that because of their regularity. They can't be depended on quite as the true trade winds can," said Al, "but they approach it." At last we were ready to start. Everything looked auspicious. Our boat floated proudly in the quiet waters of Sarasota Bay; she was adequately fitted out, and the weather was perfect. It didn't look as if there could be a hitch anywhere!

As soon as we were out in the Gulf, the brisk after-noon breeze heeled the boat well over on her side. Soon we saw little trickles of water running down the side. Before long one side of the carpet in the cabin was damp; then it was *wet!* Our men had done their work well-as for as they had gone-but that was not far enough; our boat was leaking, badly! When they recognized this, did they turn around and go back to finish their job? They did not! These men were resourceful. They took the carpet up and hung it outside to dry, then they lifted a plank from the cabin floor. Under it was a great solid piece of cement-ballast to add to the sailing quality of the boat. Water was running over this piece of cement. Was there any way they could trap it? They went to work at once. With their tools they chipped and hacked a great hole in this cement. After working for an hour or so they had a sizable hole; a sort of well which could hold about a bucket-full of water. Then Ida and I found where we came in. We were bailers! With a bucket between us and tin cups in our hands we could keep the boat quite dry. As soon as we were in a quiet harbor our boat did not leak-not a drop! Then the carpet, well dried out by the sun, was put down and we were perfectly comfortable.

"What would have been the use of going back?" the men argued. We were going to Collier's where further repairs could be made. We were not in any danger-running down the coast, with good harbors very close together. If Ida and I didn't mind a little extra work!! We didn't mind it; it added a spice of adventure to our trip. We were all in a gay mood. Maybe Ida and I did "play act" a little. A peek under the plank, and one would cry, "The water is gaining on us! Quick, Furm! The bucket!"

I cannot remember where we tied up that first night. Was it inside Casey's Pass, or was it Stump? Either would have given us good anchorage and quiet water. As we neared Boca Grande the breeze was strong! Much bailing!

"We will slip into Gasparilla Pass," said Al. We did and the sail down Gasparilla Sound was lovely. There was a little rough water as we passed Boca Grande, and then we were in Pine Island Sound. We passed Uzeppa Island-her neat dock and lovely Inn, which we had so much enjoyed, as inviting as ever-but we had no time for her on this trip.

Pine Island Sound is a beautiful piece of water. To the east of us stretched the long, heavily wooded shores of Pine Island, but between us and the Gulf were several long narrow Keys, among them Captiva and Sanibel. Down toward the end of the Sound, Sanibel curved around with two points, one of which stretched out toward the mainland. The other curved a long slender point back toward itself, making a snug harbor. The two slender keys of Sanibel and Captiva sounded interesting-fascinating-and they were. In the early days these names had been associated with tales of Spanish adventurers, pirates, and buried treasures. Later and more authentic were stories of Cuban rum-runners and smugglers. Between Sanibel and Captiva is beautiful Captiva Pass, famous for its fishing and just a little south-west from Uzeppa Island.

There was some talk of a good harbor near the lower end of the Sound. It was called St. James' Bay, and I gathered that we would probably tie up there for the night. As we approached the lower end of the Sound, I was surprised to see that Furman, who was steering, seemed to have forgotten all about St. James' Bay. He was rounding the outer tip of Sanibel; it looked to me as if we were heading straight out into the Gulf. Now we had only the mainland on one side of us and the whole Gulf of Mexico on the other. There were no islands except those behind us. My husband must have seen the look of consternation on my face, for he came and sat down beside me.

"It is all right, my dear, he said. ''We are not going much farther. There is a good harbor just a short distance down the coast. The main entrance is from the south, but Furm says there is a 'swash' channel from the north, which this boat can enter. You and Ida can bail just a little longer, can't you? If we go there

tonight, we can reach Marco before noon tomorrow." This sounded reasonable; it satisfied me. The sooner this boat could be thoroughly dried out, the better I would like it.

I soon saw, however, that conditions were changing rapidly. There had been a strong breeze all day, but while we were on inside water I had hardly noticed it. Now, out in the Gulf, the waves were big-much bigger than I liked. The southern twilight was fading rapidly, and there were indications of gathering storm clouds. I felt very uneasy but I was reassured as my husband pointed out the place on the shore we were bound for. I could see it now, even the masts of some boats already at anchor there. This gave me a great feeling of content, for it was looking more and more stormy and a snug harbor seemed very desirable. I was a novice at this boating game, and angry black clouds back of those masts showed that the night breeze, when it came out, threatened to be very strong; but we were almost in the harbor now-I would soon be able to relax. What we could not know till we were almost on it, was that a sand-bar had built up across the northern entrance to that pass, completely cutting off the entrance to that "swash" channel. It had changed, as passes so often do on that coast, but even Furman had not heard of it and was completely taken by surprise. What came next is just a jumble of events in my mind. Everything seemed to happen at once.

The afternoon breeze did not die away gradually, as it usually did, but suddenly-it was gone! For a few moments there was a dead calm. Then from those angry looking clouds the night wind came with a rush and a roar. We were almost aground on that sand-bar, but those few minutes of calm helped. With long poling oars, the men warded us off from that treacherous bar and managed to turn the boat so that she was headed off shore. The sails were quickly altered, and before I knew what was happening, we were headed straight out into the Gulf, with a strong wind and an angry sky behind us.

"Where are you going?" I asked in panic. I got a brief explanation. It would be too hazardous-to try to get into the southern entrance of that pass, and then beat our way up a narrow channel. The simplest thing was to keep right on down to Marco.

"When would we get there?" I asked.

"Sometime before morning," I was told, But I had reached the limit of my endurance.

"No," I exclaimed. "We are much nearer to St. James' Bay. *Go Back!"* The men did not try to argue. I think they saw I had had enough for one day. They altered the sails once more and we were headed back toward the sound at St. James' Bay. Our adventures, however, were not yet over. I remember a conversation something like this-Al at the tiller, Furman standing watch in the bow. "How is it, Furm? Can you get the lights?"

"Yes," came Furman's soft southern accents, "I've got them."

Al's voice sounded a little anxious. "Are they *lined up?"*

"Near enough, I guess," said Furman. We had a few moments of quiet sailing and then that "near enough" proved not to be so, for *"bump, bump, bump!"* we went, and then stopped. We had run aground on the sand-bar which made out from the tip of Sanibel Island!

There were no exclamations or excitement on our boat as we realized what had happened, but a rather gloomy silence. The men lowered the sails and Ida, without a word, brought the bucket and handed me my tin dipper. We started bailing once more. I kept very still, for it was my insistence, plus a little carelessness about range lights, which had put us in this predicament. The silence from our men was more eloquent than words. I do not think they were really frightened, but our situation was-to say the least-annoying, and there must have been some risk and perhaps a little danger for the night was dark and stormy and one of the four could not swim. I was painfully conscious of that fact.

The wind was increasing and the waves were getting higher. Each one as it lifted us set us down with a harder thump, and it also carried us farther onto the bar. Finally there came a wave higher than any before it, and it lifted us so high that I felt like screaming; but-most wonderful-we came down, not as I expected, with a harder thump, but *floating!* If that blessed boat hadn't bumped and thumped her way clear across the tip of the Sanibel sand-bar! Oh, the exultant feeling as we felt ourselves floating, free from the bar! There was no noisy jubilaton at our release from our predicament. We were as quiet as we had been when, in dismay, we felt our boat run aground; but the relief from nervous tension spread like an electric charge from one to

another. The men sprang to the sails, and in no time we were on our way again-this time with the range lights so carefully lined up that they glowed like a single big light. Ida gave one look at the well in which the water collected and seeing that it was nearly empty, she took our tin cups and put them away. Inside of an hour we were anchored in quiet water and were making up our beds for the night. The next morning-storm clouds all cleared away from our minds as well as from the skies-a short run down the coast brought us to Big Marco Pass, and the place we were bound for - Collier's.

I had heard so much about this place that I was looking intently as we entered the pass. The first thing I noticed was a point of land which jutted out into this beautiful bay. This point was fringed by graceful coconut palms and sure enough! Through the foliage of the palms I could see quite a group of buildings; a store and warehouse, some cottages, and a larger building, the hotel. Not till we rounded the coconut point did I notice the buildings which comprised the boat-works and between them, the "ship's ways" - an insignificant piece of scaffolding in appearance but highly important in the eyes of our two sailors.

What a perfect harbor that inner bay was! The point, with its beautiful palm trees added a grace and beauty to the scene. Coconut palms have a beauty of their own - I was enchanted! Even before the Vivian was tied up at the Collier dock, Ida and I had our bags ready to be taken to the hotel where we were to stay while our leaky boat was being given expert attention. At the hotel we were welcomed by a delightful little ultra-southern woman, the wife of the proprietor, Captain Collier. Furman and Al did not wait to see us settled in our rooms; that was a minor matter. What they wanted was to see the Vivian up on those "ways." As soon as I heard that she was up in the air, I hurried out to look at her. I wanted to see those "lines" which had so fascinated the two sailors. To be perfectly honest, she did not look as imposing to me as she had while floating gracefully in the water, but I was no sailor, what did I know of "lines"?

Though I may not have known enough to appreciate the "lines," I had a keen and realistic interest in what Collier's men would do to make our boat more comfortable, so I stayed to watch them make some tests. With the boat up on the "ways" they took numerous buckets of water and dashed them against the insides

of the boat and watched to see where it would seep through outside. In many places it didn't *seep,* it *poured!* It came out in spurts and streams. No wonder our boat had leaked! But now it would soon be as good as new.

I should like to call attention just here to our two cruises; both in much the same section of Florida's southern waters. In the Ida May, quite an inadequate little boat, we set out to verify or disprove a rumor we had heard that it was possible to go from Sarasota into Lake Okeechobee by boat. We proved to our satisfaction that it could be done, though I doubt if a boat drawing much more water than the Ida May could have found its way across Lake Flirt. Having reached the big lake, we were satisfied to have an hour's sail, take some pictures, and then head for home.

This trip on the Vivian was quite different. The boat itself was adequate (barring a temporary need for some caulking to keep our cabin floor dry). Now that we had reached Marco, we were at the beginning of the Ten Thousand Islands. This was to be no short visit, just to say we had reached our destination. We intended to spend a week-perhaps two-exploring and taking pictures, of these fascinating islands.

In one sense many, indeed most of them were not truly islands; they were just groups of mangrove trees growing up out of the water. From the branches of these trees, long slender fibers -roots-dropped down till they reached the water. There they quickly took root, thus adding another tree to the group. Sometimes a storm would wash a group, or perhaps a single tree, to a distant point and start a new "'island." In appearance they were misleading. Their foliage was dense and a beautiful dark green. As you looked at an "island" it was hard not to believe that somewhere, if you could only push your way through the thick tangle of branches, you would find earth-a solid footing. Instead you would probably find a network of roots coming up out of dirty water-very likely over a deteriorated oyster bed. The mussels commonly found on their roots were called "coon oysters" and were not generally thought to be fit to eat.

Of course not all the islands belonging to the "Ten Thousand" group were mangrove islands. Some of the larger ones, especially a group near Big Marco Pass, had a good accumulation of soil and were supporting thriving settlements. The largest and most

prosperous of these, was the one where we were - at Captain Collier's.

It is hard today to realize how isolated this region used to be. Surrounded, as it was, by the maze of the Ten Thousand Islands, stretching far to the south and east, it had also to the north and east, the barrier of the unbroken Everglades country. Its closest link with civilization was by water with Cuba and Key West. Although this boat service was haphazard and unreliable, the name of Captain Collier was known and respected all over Florida. (He should not be confused with Baron Collier, the eastern man, who later owned extensive sections of the southern part of Florida, contributing greatly to the development of parts of this region.)

While Ida and I were getting settled in our hotel room Furman and Al were finding out some interesting facts. Even if the Vivian had been ready to use we could not have started out at once to explore the islands. There were two reasons for this. First, our boat drew three or more feet of water. Much that we would want to see was in very shallow water. Second, the maze of islands was so intricate that it was too easy to get hopelessly lost. It simply was not safe to explore them without a local guide. There was one man who was especially good. His name was Jones and he was immediately available. Jones was quickly hired and we did not have to wait for our own boat. Jones had a light weight skiff with a good motor. It was very roomy and comfortable. With it we could explore to our hearts' content knowing that, bewildering as these winding channels seemed, we would finally see before us our lovely coconut point.

Our first rides in Jones' skiff were purely for pleasure. We forgot dreams of hunting and fishing and gave ourselves up to the beauty around us. Hour after hour we followed these bewildering twists and turns. No two views were alike, yet the general pattern was the same. That helped to make them dangerous. No matter where you were, you seemed to have been there before, over and over. After traversing group after group, each one melting into the next, a sudden turn would show us a long narrow lagoon opening up before us. "We must be near the end," we would think, and then another swift turn and we would be back among the small islands again. They had been aptly named the Ten Thousand Islands. Were they ever counted? I doubt it. Jones was a good guide. Just when we would feel miles and miles

away, we would suddenly see our coconut point loom up before us. There was no mistaking that point. Nowhere else in the world, I am sure, is there a point of land with just such a curve of line and such beautifully graded sizes of feathery coconut palm trees.

As we left one of the lagoons, Jones remarked, "We will come back here some day with the harpoons. Great place for rays!" After the first few days, the work on the Vivian being completed, we took up our residence aboard again. Both Ida and I enjoyed our boat housekeeping. Ida was a marvelous camp-or boat-cook, and I was rapidly learning some of the tricks of her trade. From the start, Jones was usually with us, either piloting us into different places which the Vivian could reach, or else taking us on his skiff to shallow spots, impossible for our deep draft boat. Jones was invaluable to us in many ways. One day he heard Ida and me bewail our lack of soft water. We wanted to do some washing and the only fresh water available was very hard well water.

"Get your things together," he said. "Tomorrow we will take the Vivian and go to a place I know of where there is plenty of good soft water." The next day, after a delightful ride, we came to a fairly large island. Tying up at a well-constructed dock we saw a scene rare in that part of the country-a small, but well designed house. It was painted and some efforts had been made to beautify the grounds. A half grown date palm showed that it had been planted and tended. The place was so neat and prosperous looking, it was hard to think of it as deserted. When we left the boat and investigated, our wonder grew. At one side was a very up-to-date water tank full of delightfully clean fresh rain water. We had all of our towels-both hand and dish-plus several suits of underwear. With our boat's pans and buckets, we soon had our washing done and the clothes drying in true southern fashion on the fence.

Then we explored some more. At the back door was an enormous mulberry tree. Its branches were so wide-spread, that standing under them was like being in a tent. This tree was loaded. It must have held bushels of mulberries. "These are delicious," I said. "Can't we take some with us?"

"They won't keep without ice," said Ida. "But pick a quart or so of half ripe ones, and I'll make you a pie for dinner tonight." We did this, and Ida kept her word. Our boat stove had a small

portable oven, but it was remarkable what Ida could do with it-hot biscuit, a pie, or even occasionally a cake.

When we had finished with our berries we went around to the front of the house. What sort of a family could have lived so comfortably in this isolation? The house was empty, but carefully locked. From the front porch we looked in a window and I got a surprise. Lying spread out on the floor, so near it was easily read, was a paper; it was the *Youth's Companion.* The open page held a story for boys, and the author's name in bold type, stared at me: "Gardner Hunting" it read. Now this same "Gard" Hunting was a particular chum of one of my brothers, and his father the beloved president of the college we all had attended. I had known that Gardner intended to devote himself to writing but didn't know he had made a start. Now, nearly fifty years later, Gardner Hunting is still writing. I have a new book of his, just published.

When Al first took possession of the repaired Vivian, he asked me to come for a trial ride with him, just to see how fine our boat was now. "We will run up the shore a way toward Little Marco Pass," he said. "I'll take the grains along; we may see a sting-ray." The narrow channel we were following soon opened out into a wide bay which was very beautiful. The day was perfect for this kind of work; a very light breeze which was so steady that our boat seemed to sail herself. It was a beautiful scene-the water so clear that we could see the bottom plainly. Lulled by the almost imperceptible motion, I got up and walked to the bow and stood beside Al. As I did so, something happened. The bottom of the bay seemed to be rising right in our faces. So nearly was it the color of the bottom, that it was hard to believe it was a living creature, until we saw it move swiftly away from us in long undulating waves. In no time it was gone and the water had resumed its smooth peacefulness. What puzzled me was the behavior of my usually alert husband.

"Oh Al," I cried, "I don't know what it was, but it would have been easy to hit. We were right over it! Why didn't you strike?"

"And have lost my harpoon?" said Al in disgust. "I came out to get rays, which I could hold. I didn't expect to run across the grand-daddy of all saw-fish!" That ended our run that morning. We went back and joined our friends on Jones' skiff They were all interested in what we had seen.

"You won't see him again," said Jones, "he has made for deeper water; but we will go to a place I know of. You will certainly get all the sting-rays you want, and quite likely a whip-ray. Even a saw-fish is likely, but not such a big one as you saw."

Jones took us to a lagoon which seemed far inland. It did not look as lovely as some we had seen. As we entered the lagoon we left behind us a group of mangrove islands. Before us was a long strip of partially wooded land, whether a long narrow island or a bit of the main land I am not sure. The trees were mostly pines with a sprinkling of oaks looking more dead than alive. Some bare trunks looked as if they might have been cypress. The edge of this bit of southern real estate was uniformly muddy and uninviting. As we were on our way to this fishing ground Al was busy correcting his oversight of the morning. Getting a long narrow pine board, he tied the end of his long heavy line to it and then coiled the rope around the board. 'The other end of the rope was fastened to the heavy iron hook of his harpoon. When we were ready for the day's sport Al and Furman took our own light skiff, leaving Ida and me in the bigger boat with Jones. The motor on our boat was stopped and we drifted idly, watching the men as they poled about the shallow places looking for rays. They got quite a number of sting-rays, and a good sized whip-ray. It was nearly time for our men to return to the larger boat, and head for home-that is, for the Vivian. But then something happened. They caught sight of a saw-fish lying on the bottom, much as the big one had been doing in the morning when our boat had drifted over it. They poled as quietly as they could toward the big fish. As it rose to the surface to make off they were near enough so that Al, who stood with his harpoon poised, got a fair strike. The grains bit into the fish-the pole floated free-the board was thrown over - and away went the great creature, the floating board, which followed, rapidly disappearing with it.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Are we going to lose it all?"

"Not likely," said Jones; he is making for the deep hole. He will sulk there for a while." They rowed after the float and began pulling in on the line. As the fish felt the tug of the rope he rose and made off in another wild rush, seeking another hole to hide in. This went on for some time, but the rushes were getting shorter, and finally the saw-fish came back and took refuge in his first deep hiding-place.

"He is getting tired," said Jones. "They'll soon have him now." But the great creature was not yet ready to give up. Not easily will I forget the closing scene of this fight. Our two men, taking hold of the rope together, began pulling the fish toward the boat. Suddenly it came to the surface and began waving its murderous saw back and forth right over the end of their boat.

"Quick, quick, the gun!" called the men. But Jones already had his boat under way. The gun reached them "quick" indeed, and the dangerous sea creature was soon dead. That day's work gave us some interesting things to take back north with us; there was a group of stings - their slimy black ugliness scoured and scraped to an ivory whiteness - the curled barbs looking as if some skilled oriental artist had carved them; and the saw-fish was fourteen feet long. The boney nose and saw which we took home with us measured forty-two inches. I didn't want us to get a bigger fish.

The fight with the saw-fish stands out as the high light of this cruise, but there were other times when the novelty and beauty of the surroundings made deep and lasting impressions. Several times we went to Little Marco Pass. Standing on its narrow sandy spit, on one side was a beautiful lagoon-home of rays of all kinds. Turning to the other side, the wide Gulf of Mexico sparkled before us. It was great fun to stand there and cast out into the surf for channel bass. One morning we reached this spot quite early, and its white sand bore some curious marks. The men looked at them and exclaimed, "A panther!"

"Yes," said Jones, "there are some a little north of us, but they don't often come down here."

"What other game do you find in these parts?" asked Furman, who was a confirmed hunter.

"Well," said Jones, "if you ask me, I'd say go in back of Naples. There you will find bear, deer, panthers, and catamounts, to say nothing of turkey roosts."

"Some day," said Furman "I'll go down there and try it."

Besides these happenings I must not omit to tell of our visit to a "clam factory." The term was misleading for there was nothing like our northern idea of a factory. On an island near Marco, was a group of long wharfs or docks, and near them a great array of open sheds. Here Cuban girls and women were preparing vegetables; heaps of gleaming white potatoes, onions, and red toma-

toes. In another shed men stood beside great bins of rough-shell clams, opening them and throwing the shells in a trough which landed them in a great heap to be finally dumped in deep water. Most interesting of all was the shed presided over by white hatted chefs, who were responsible for the finished product. Standing about their steaming cauldrons, they were a picturesque set. We saw many boxes of the out-put of this "factory," being put aboard sailing vessels, to be taken to some unknown destination. We smiled a little as we read the labels on the sealed tin cans. In bold letters it read, "Genuine New England Clam Chowder."

But time was running out. We felt that our exploring and fun had only begun, but our three-week's schedule must be kept. We said a reluctant goodbye to Jones and hoped he might get our vanished twenty-five foot saw-fish for the next people he piloted. Then we went up to the hotel for a farewell dinner and a last visit with charming, plump, dimpled Mrs. Collier. Our hostess had heard of our cruise on the Ida May. She was interested and asked many questions. In reply I launched into the story of how Esther and I had been sent home by train from Fort Myers. I reached the point where the southern boy, seeing we were alone and had a heavy suit-case, insisted on carrying it for us. I told how he had devoted himself to Esther, ignoring me as if he knew that I had no need of his help. I told how he had rejected a brakeman's offered hand to help us up into a day-coach.

I told it as a funny story, thinking that everyone would see the absurdity of my capable, traveled sister being patronized by this youthful Southerner, but my story missed fire. Mrs. Collier looked at me in amazed wonder. "I don't see anything funny about that," she said. "*What else would you expect of a well brought-up southern boy!*" Before I could think of anything to say to justify, or excuse my story, she went on; "Why, if I were traveling alone and any man-no matter what his age-didn't do everything he could to help me, I *should think it very strange.*"

How did we feel as we said "Goodbye" to Collier's with all of its interest and beauty? A little regretful, but on the whole just grateful for the past and eager for the future. Over many years I have noticed that no matter how thrilling an experience has been, the heading toward home has a thrill of its own, which can counteract regrets. Ida was growing impatient to see Mabel again, and we all wanted news. In that pre-radio era, we had not even

mail service. Not one word from the outside world had reached us. Captain Collier kept in touch with Havana and Key West but the service was intermittent.

As we sailed leisurely northward we had nothing like an adventure. Our boat was what the men had predicted and the weather was perfect.

They were not wholly idle hours, however; instead both Furman and Alanson seemed intent on one thing. Furman wanted to get as perfect a picture as he could of Alanson's work in the North. Alanson, while as keen to give as clear a picture as he could, was more intent on dwelling on the many mechanical problems which he was encountering in his work. One night, as we were drifting idly northward, I heard a scrap of conversation between the two men, which showed me that Alanson, although he had virtually cut loose from his former work, was still very intent on its problems.

"You know, Furm," I heard him say, "everyone who has tackled this horseless carriage idea, has made the mistake of letting his mind dwell too much on horses and carriages, on ways to supersede the horses and to improve the carriages. I have felt from the first that that was the wrong way to attack the problem. What we should do is to look at it from an entirely new angle. The cars that we build should not look nor try to be, in any way, like carriages. Perhaps I can tell you better what I mean if I tell you a little of what I am planning to do. When I am back North and open a little shop of my own, first of all will come the problem of weight. I am going to try an experiment. The frame of the car I shall build shall have as much wood in its construction as we can possibly use without sacrificing strength. Just how much and what kind of wood we shall use has to be worked out. You know something of that problem with boats. I want to use as much 'know-how' as I have gained down here with boats, that can be put to practical use in a car, which is to carry people by means of mechanical propulsion. That is one of my problems.

"The next problem that arises now in my mind, is how to suspend this car over wheels which must travel on rough roads. The answer, I am sure, is not the kind of springs which we have used to cushion our rides in carriages. As soon as I get home I am going to try out some form of coil springs. Just what it will be I am not sure as yet. But I think my answer lies in that direction."

Those happy lazy days, following those of strenuous exertion, put a finishing touch to a friendship between four people which the years ahead could not alter. To each of the four this experience became a part of the "old" Florida which they loved.

All too soon we were back in Alzarti House, for this was not only the end of our cruise; it was also close to the end of this visit to our "Old Florida."

THE END